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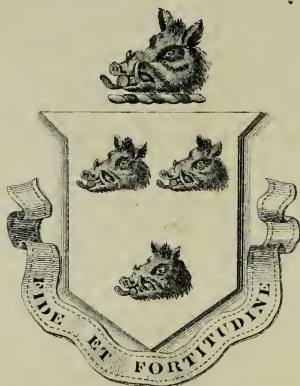
Accessions

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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first edition.

3

Never Printed before.

L O N D O N,
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes-Arms*
in *St Pauls Church-yard*, 1653.

Drammatis Personæ.

Vermadero,	<i>Father to Beatrice.</i>
Tomazo de Piracquo,	<i>A Noble Lord.</i>
Alonzo de Piracquo,	<i>His brother, Suitor to Beatrice:</i>
Alfemero,	<i>A Nobleman, afterwards married to</i> <i>(Beatrice.</i>
Jasperino,	<i>His Friend.</i>
Alibius,	<i>A jealous Doctor.</i>
Lollo,	<i>His man.</i>
Pedro,	<i>Friend to Antonio.</i>
Antonio,	<i>The Changeling.</i>
Franciscus,	<i>The Counterfeit Madman.</i>
Deflores,	<i>Servant to Vermadero.</i>
Madmen,	
Servants.	
Beatrice,	<i>Daughter to Vermadero.</i>
Diaphanta,	<i>Her waiting-woman.</i>
Isabella	<i>Wife to Alibius.</i>

The Scene Allegant.



The Changeling.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Alsemero.

T Was in the Temple where I first beheld her,
And now agen ~~the~~ same, what *Omen* yet
Follows of that? None but imaginary,
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,

And that (me thinks) admits comparifon
With mans first creation, the place blest
And is his right home back (if he atchieve it.)
The Church hath first begun our interview
And that's the place must joyn us into one,
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter Jasperino.

Jasp. O Sir, are you here? Come, the wind's fair with you,
Y'are like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

Alf. Sure y'are deceived friend, 'tis contrary
In my best judgement.

Jasp. What for *Malta*?

If you could buy a gale amongst the Witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky penyworth

B

As

The Changeling.

As comes a Gods Name.

Alf. Even now I observ'd
The temples Vane to turn full in my face;
I know 'tis against me.

Jas. Against you?
Then you know not where you are.

Alf. Not well indeed

Jas. Are you not well sir?

Alf. Yes, *Jasperino*.

Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.

Jas. And that
I begin to doubt sir, I never knew
Your inclinations to travels at a pause
With any cause to hinder it till now.
A shore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your Horses for the speed.
At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoyst sails for fear to lose the formost breath,
Be in continuall prayers for fair winds,
And have you chang'd your orizons?

Alf. No, friend,
I keep the same church, same devotion.

Jas. Lover I'm sure y'are none, the Stoick
Was found in you long agoe, your mother
Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty,
I and choyce ones too, could never trap you that way.
What might be the cause?

Alf. Lord, how violent,
Thou art; I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple:

Jas. Is this violence? 'tis but idleness
Compar'd with your hast yesterday.

Alf. I'm all this while a going, man.

Enter Servants.

Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look your servants.

1 *Serv.* The sea-men call, shall we Boord your trunks?

Alf. No, not to day.

Jas. 'Tis the criticall day,
It seems, and the signe in *Aquarius*.

2 *Serv.* We must not to sea to day, this smoke will bring forth fire.

Alf.

The Changeling.

Alf. Keep all on shore, I doe not know the end
(Which needs I must do) of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

1 Serv. Well, your pleasure.

(*Serv.*

2 Ser. Let him e'n take his leasure too, we are safer on land. *Exeunt*

Enter Beatrice, Diaphanta, and Servants, Joanna.

Jasp. How now ! The Laws of the *Medes* are chang'd sure, salute
a woman, he kisses too : wonderfull ! where learnt he this? & does it
perfectly too ; in my conscience he nere rehearst it before. Nay, goe
on, this will be stranger and better news at *Valentia*, then if he had
ransom'd half *Greece* from the *Turk*,

Bea. You are a Scholar, sir.

Alf. A weak one, Lady.

Bea. Which of the Sciences is this love you speak of?

Alf. From your tongue I take it to be musick.

Bea. You are skilfull in't, can sing at first sight.

Alf. And I have shew'd you all my skil at once.

I want more words to expresse me further.

And must be forc'd to repetition :

I love you dearly.

Bea. Be better advis'd, sir :

Our eyes are Centinels unto our judgements,
And should give certain judgement what they see ;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgements find,
They can then check the eyes, and cal them blind.

Alf. But I am further, Lady ; yesterday
Was mine eyes imployment, and hither now
They brought my judgement, where are both agreed.
Both Houses then consenting, 'tis agreed,
Onely there wants the confirmation
By the hand Royall, that's your part, Lady :

Bea. Oh there's one above me, sir, for five dayes past
To be recal'd ; sure, mine eyes were mistaken,
This was the man was meant me, that he should come
So neer his time, and miss it.

Jasp. We might have come by the Carriers from *Valentia*, I see and
sav'd all our sea-provision : we are at farthest sure, methinks I should
doe something too, I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's
another Vessell, I'll board her, if she be lawfull prize, down goes her
top-sail.

B 2

Enter

The Changeling.

Enter Desfores.

Def. Lady, your father.

Bea. Is in health, I hope.

Def. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, Lady.
He's coming hitherward.

Bea. What needed then
Your dutious preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected, you must stall
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

Def. Wilt never mend this scorn
One side nor other? Must I be enjoyn'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates do your worst, I'll please my self with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger, I know she had
Rather see me dead then living, and yet
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.

Alf. You seem'd displeas'd Lady on the sudden.

Bea. Your pardon Sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you,
Then his or hers, or some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poyson;
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholsome,
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the Basilisk.

Alf. This is a frequent frailty in our nature,
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand sound,
But hath his imperfection: one distastes

The sent of Roses, which to infinites

Most pleasing is, and odoriferous.

One oyle, the enemy of poyson,

A nother Wine, the cheerer of the heart,

And lively refresher of the countenance.

Indeed this fault (if so it be) is generall,

There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd,

My self (I must confesse) have the same frailty.

Bea. And what may be your poyson sir? I am bold with you.

Alf. And what might be your desire perhaps, a cherry.

Bea.

The Changeling.

Bea. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but you' Gentleman.

Alf. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.

Bea. He cannot be ignorant of that Sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want
To help my self, since he's a Gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him.

Alf. He's out of his place then now!

Jas. I am a mad Wag, wench.

Dia. So me thinks; but for your comfort I can tell you, we have
a Doctor in the Citie that undertakes the cure of such.

Jas. Tush, I know what Physick is best for the state of mine own
body.

Dia. 'Tis scarce a well govern'd state, I beleeve.

Jas. I could shew thee such a thing with an Ingredian that we
two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest
blood i'th town for two hours after, He nere profess Physick agen.

Dia. A little poppy Sir, were good to cause you sleep.

Jas. Poppy; I'll give thee a pop i'th lips for that first, and begin
there: Poppy is one simple indeed, and Cuckow (what you call't)
another: I'll discover no more now, another time I'll shew thee all.

Bea. My Father, Sir.

Enter Vermandero and Servants...

Ver. Oh *Joanna*, I came to meet thee, your devotion's ended.

Bea. For this time, Sir,

I shall change my Saint, I fear me, I find

A giddy turning in me; Sir, this while

I am beholding to this Gentleman

Who left his own way to keep me company,

And in discourse I find him much desirous

To see your castle: He hath deserv'd it, Sir,

If ye please to grant it.

Ver. With all my heart, Sir.

Yet ther's an article between, I must know

Your countrey; we use not to give survey

Of our chief strengths to strangers, our citadels

Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,

On Promonts tops; but within are secrets.

Alf. A *Valentian*, Sir.

Ver. A *Valentian*,

That's native, Sir; of what name, I beseech you?

Alf.

The Changeling.

Alf. *Alfemero*, Sir.

Ver. *Alfemero*; not the son of *John de Alfemero*?

Alf. The same Sir.

Ver. My best love bids you welcome.

Bea. He was wont to call me so, and then he speaks
A most unfeigned truth.

Ver. Oh Sir, I knew your father,
We two were in acquaintance long agoe
Before our chins were worth *Julan Down*,
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver: Well, he's gone,
A good Souldier went with him.

Alf. You went together in that, Sir.

Ver. No by Saint *Jaques*, I came behind him.
Yet I have done somewhat too, an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at *Gibraltar*
In fight with those rebellious *Hollanders*,
Was it not so?

Alf. Whose death I had reveng'd,
Or followed him in Fate, had not the late League
Prevented me.

Ver. I, I, 'twas time to breath:
Oh *Joanna*, I should ha told thee news,
I saw *Piracquo* lately.

Bea. That's ill news.

Ver. He's hot preparing for this day of triumph,
Thou must be a Bride within this sevenight.

Alf. Ha!

Bea. Nay good Sir, be not so violent, with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soule,
Virginity (whom I thus long have liv'd with)
And part with it so rude and suddenly,
Can such friends divide never to meet agen,
Without a solemne farewell?

Ver. Tush, tush, there's a toy.

Alf. I must now part, and never meet agen
With any joy on earth; Sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me.

Ver. How Sir? by no means,

Not

The Changeling.

Not chang'd so soon, I hope, you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment ere we part,
I shall think my self unkindly us'd else.

Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Alligant;
I might have bid you to my daughters wedding.

Alf. He means to feast me, & poysons me before hand,
I should be dearly glad to be there, fir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.

Bea. I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done: fir, but not so suddenly.

Ver. I tell you, fir, the Gentleman's compleat,
A Courtier and a Gallant, enricht
With many fair and noble ornaments,
I would not change him for a son-in-law,
For any he in *Spain*, the proudest he,
And we have great ones, that you know.

Alf. He's much bound to you, fir.

Ver. He shall be bound to me;
As fast as this tie can hold him, I'll want my will else.

Bea. I shall want mine if you do it.

Ver. But come, by the way, I'll tell you more of him:

Alf. How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot goe.

Bea. Not this Serpent gone yet?

Ver. Look Girle, thy glove's faln,
Stay, stay, *Desfores* help a little.

Des. Here, Lady.

Bea. Mischief on your officious forwardness,
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There, for t'others sake I part with this,
Take 'um and draw thine own skin off with 'um. *Exeunt.*

Des. Here's a favour come; with a mischief: Now
I know she had rather wear my pelt tan'd
In a pair of dancing pumps, then I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here. I know she hates me,
Yet cannot chuse but love her:
No matter, if but to vex her, I'll haunt her still,
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.

Exit.

Enter.

The Changeling.

Enter Alibius and Lollio.

Alib. *Lollio*, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.

Lol. I was ever close to a secret, Sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.

Lollio, I have a wife.

Lol. Fie sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret, she's known to be married all the town and countrey over.

Alib. Thou goest too fast my *Lollio*, that knowledge
I allow no man can be bar'd it;
But there is a knowledge which is neerer,
Deeper and sweeter, *Lollio*.

Lol. Well sir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about man; *Lollio*,
My wife is young,

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir:

Alib. Why now thou meet'st the substance of the point,
I am old, *Lollio*.

Lol. No sir, 'tis I am old *Lollio*:

Alib. Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. I sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader
then the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application: there's the fear man,
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilst it is borrowed it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still then, if it but lye by,
One or other wil be thrusting into't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me *Lollio*; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment, I cannot alwayes be at home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot.

Alib. I must look out.

Lol. I know't, you must look out, 'tis every mans case.

Alib. Here I doe say must thy employment be.
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

Lol.

The Changeling.

Lol. I'll do my best, Sir, yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reason for that *Lollio*, 'tis a comfortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools and mad-men; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. I those are all my Patients, *Lollio*.

I do profess the cure of either sort :

My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it,
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift,

The daily Visitants, that come to see

My brainsick Patients, I would not have

To see my wife : Gallants I do observe

Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,

Of stature and proportion very comely :

These are most shrewd temptations, *Lollio*.

Lol. They may be easily answered, Sir, if they come to see the Fools and Mad-men, you and I may serve the turn, and let my Mistress alone, she's of neither sort.

Alib. 'Tis a good ward, indeed come they to see Our Mad-men or our Fools, let 'um see no more Then what they come for; by that consequent They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Loll. And I'm sure she's no mad-man.

Alib. Hold that Buckler fast, *Lollio* my trust Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is't *Lollio*?

Lol. Towards belly hour Sir.

Alib. Dinner time, thou mean'st twelve a clock.

Lol. Yes Sir, for every part has his hour, we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg hour; at nine gather flowers, and pluck a Rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly hour.

Alib. Profoundly, *Lollio* it wil be long Ere all thy Scholars learn this Lesson, and I did look to have a new one entred---stay I think my expectation is come home.

C

Enter

The Changeling.

Enter Pedro and Antonio like an Idiot.

Ped. Save you sir, my business speaks it self,
This fight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. I, I Sir, 'tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious,
To give but some little strength to his sick
And weak part of Nature in him, these are
But patterns to shew you of the whole pieces,
That will follow to you, beside the charge
Of diet, washing, and other necessaries
Fully defrayed.

Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something,
The trouble will pass through my hands.

Ped. 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir.

Lol. Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him, what is
his name.

Ped. His name is *Antonio*, marry we use but half
To him, onely *Tonie*.

Lol. *Tonie, Tonie*, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool,
what's your name *Tonie*?

Ant. He, he he, well I thank you cousin, he he, he.

Lol. Good Boy hold up your head : he can laugh, I perceive by
that he is no beast.

Ped. Well sir, if you can raise him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain
(As I might say) to creep but on all four,
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heire, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own ; assure you sir,
He is a Gentleman.

Lol. Nay, there's no body doubted that, at first sight I knew him
for a Gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

Lol. As good as my Mistress lies in sir, and as you allow us time
and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want sir.

Lol. He will hardly be stretcht up to the wit of a *Magnifico*.

Ped.

The Changeling.

Ped. Oh no, that's not to be expected, far shorter
Will be enough.

Lol. Ile warrant you make him fit to bear office in five weeks,
I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of Constable.

Ped. If it be lower then that it might serve turn.

Lol. No fie, to levell him with a Headborough, Beadle, or Watch-
man, were but little better then he is ; Constable I'll able him : if he
do come to be a Justice afterwards, let him thank the Keeper. Or I'll
go further with you, say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I
make him as wise as my self.

Ped. Why there I would have it.

Lol. Well, go to, either I'll be as errant a fool as he, or he shall
be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

Ped. Nay, I doe like thy wit passing well.

Lol. Yes, you may, yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more
wit then I have too, remember what state you find me in.

Ped. I wil, and so leave you : your best cares I beseech you. *Ex. Ped.*

Alib. Take you none with you, leave 'um all with us.

Ant. Oh my cousins gone, cousin, cousin, oh, !

Lol. Peace, Peace *Tony*, you must not cry child, you must be whipt
if you do, your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, *Tony*.

Ant. He, he, then I'll not cry, if thou bee'st my cousin, he, he, he.

Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what Form to
place him in.

Alib. I, doe *Lollio*, doe.

Lol. I must ask him easie questions at first ; *Tony*, how many
true fingers has a Taylor on his right hand ?

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.

Lol. Good, and how many on both ?

Ant. Two less then a Dewce, cousin.

Lol. Very well answered ; I come to you agen, cousin *Tony*, How
many fools goes to a wise man ?

Ant. Fourty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Fourty in a day ? How prove you that ?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a Lawyer to
be made friends.

Lol. A parlous fool, he must sit in the fourth Form at least, I per-
ceive that : I come again *Tony*, How many knaves make an honest
man ?

Ant. I know not that cousin.

The Changeling.

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you cousin, there's three knaves may make an honest man, a Sergeant, a Jaylor, and a Beadle; the Sergeant catches him, the Jaylor holds him, and the Beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the Hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, that's fine sport cousin.

Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool *Lollio*.

Lol. Yes, this might have serv'd your self, tho I say't; Once more, and you shall goe play *Tonie*.

Ant. I play at puse-pin cousin, ha, he.

Lol. So thou shalt, say how many fools are here.

Ant. Two, cousin, thou and I.

Lol. Nay, y'are too forward there, *Tonie* mark my question, how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt so far cousin.

Alib. Thou putst too hard questions to him, *Lollio*.

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily; cousin stand there.

Ant. I cousin.

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, *Lollio*.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now *Tonie*, there a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my Master, 'tis but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three, cousin. *Mad-men within.*

1 *Within.* Put's head i'th pillory, the breads too little.

2 *Within.* Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.

3 *Within.* Give her more onion, or the Divell put the rope about her cragg.

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the Chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wyer comes.

3 *within.* Cat whore, Cat whore, her permasant, her permasant.

Alib. Peace, I say, their hour's come, they must be fed, *Lollio*.

Lol. Theres no hope of recovery of that Welsh mad-man, Was undone by a Mause, that spoild him a Permasant, Lost his wits for't.

Alib. Go to your charge, *Lollio*, I'll to mine.

Lol.

The Changeling.

Lol. Goe you to your mad-mens Ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alib. And remember my last charge, *Lollio*.

Exit.

Lol. Of which your Patients do you think I am? Come *Tonie* you must amongst your School-fellows now, there's pretty Scholars amongst 'um, I can tell you there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum*.

Ant. I would see the mad-men, cousin, if they would not bite me.

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, *Tonie*.

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not cuz.

Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, *Tonie*; well, I hope to get credit by thee, I like thee the best of all the Scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool my selfe.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Beatrice and Iasperino severally.

Bea. O H Sir, I'm ready now for that fair service,
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you.

Good Angels and this conduct be your guide,
Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.

Ias. The joy I shall return rewards my service.

Exit.

Bea. How wise is *Alsemero* in his friend?

It is a sign he makes his choyce with judgement.

Then I appear in nothing more approv'd,

Then making choyce of him; for 'tis a Principle, He that can chuse

That bosome well, who of his thoughts partakes,

Proves most discreet in every choyce he makes.

Me thinks I love now with the eyes of judgement.

And see the way to merit, clearly see it.

A true deserver like a Diamond sparkles,

In darkness you may see him, that's in absence.

Which is the greatest darkness falls on love.

Yet is he best discern'd then

With intellectuall eye-sight; what's *Piracquo*

My Father spends his breath for, and his blessing

The Changeling.

Is onely mine, as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Tranform'd into a Curse; some speedy way
Must be remembred, he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.

Enter Desflores.

Des. Yonders she
What ever ails me, now a late especially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times aday, nay not so little,
Doe I force errands, frame wayes and excuses
To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,
And less incouragement; for she baits me still
Every time worse then other, does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face, in town,
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger, or ill luck hung in my looks.
I must confels my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on,
And yet such pickhaird faces, chins like Witches,
Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine deformity swils
The tears of perjury that lie there like wash,
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,
Yet such a one pluckt sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet,
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th'world a Gentleman.
She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
And I'll indure all storms before I part with't.

Bea. Agen — this ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me,
Then all my other passions.

Des. Now't begins agen,
Ile stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

Bea. Thy business? What's thy business?

Des. Soft and fair, I cannot part so soon now.

Bea. The villain's fixt — Thou standing toad-pool.

Des.

The Changeling.

Def. The showre falls amain now.

Bea. Who sent thee? What's thy errand? leave my sight.

Def. My Lord your father charg'd me to deliver a message to you.

Bea. What another since, do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of

Def. True service merits mercy. (thee:

Bea. What's thy message?

Def. Let beauty settle but in patience, you shall hear all.

Bea. A dallying trifling torment. (Piracquo.

Def. Signior *Alonzo de Piracquo* Lady, sole brother to *Tomazo de*

Bea. Slave, when wilt make an end?

Def. Too soon I shall.

Bea. What all this while of him?

Def. The said *Alonzo*, with the foresaid *Tomazo*:

Bea. Yet agen.

Def. Is new alighted.

Bea. Vengeance strike the news,

Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?

Def. My Lord your father charg'd me to seek you out.

Bea. Is there no other to send his errand by?

Def. It seems 'tis my luck to be i'th way still.

Bea. Get thee from me.

Def. So — why am not I an Ass to devise wayes

Thus to be raild at? I must see her still,

I shall have a mad qualm within this houre agen,

I know't, and like a Common Garden Bull,

I doe but take breath to be lug'd agen.

What this may bode I know not, I'll despair the less,

Because ther's daily presidents of bad faces

Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops

May come into favour one day, 'mongst his fellows:

Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime,

As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen

Women have chid themselves abed to men. *Exit Def.*

Bea. I never see this fellow, but I think

Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still,

I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.

The next good mood I find my father in,

I'll get him quite discarded: Oh I was

Lost in this small disturbance and forgot

Afflictions;

The Changeling.

Afflictions fiercer torrent that now comes,
To beare down all my comforts.

Enter Vermandero, Alonzo, Tomazo.

Ver. Y^e are both welcome,
But an especiall one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
The addition of a son, our son *Alonzo*.

Alon. The treasury of honor cannot bring forth
A Title I should more rejoyce in, sir.

Ver. You have improv'd it well ; daughter prepare,
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

Bea. How e're, I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so neer me.

Tom. *Alonzo.*

Alon. Brother.

Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you
If Lovers should mark every thing a fault,
Affection would be like an ill set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.

Bea. That's all I do intreat.

Ver. It is but reasonable,
I'll see what my son sayes too't : Son *Alonzo*,
Here's a motion made but to reprieve
A Maidenhead three dayes longer ; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.

Alon. Though my joyes
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.

Ver. May I ever meet it in that poynt still :
Y^e are nobly welcome, sirs. *Exeunt. Ver. and Bea.*

Tom. So, did you mark the dulness of her parting now?

Alon. What dulness? Thou art so exceptionous still.

Tom. Why let it goe then I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.

Alon. Where's the oversight?

Tom.

The Changeling.

Tom. Come, your faith's coufened in her, strongly coufened,
Unfettle your affection with all speed,
Wisdome can bring it too, your peace is ruin'd else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leapt into anothers bosome :
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift,
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half father unto all thy children
In the conception, if he get 'em not,
She helps to get 'em for him, in his passions, and how dangerous
And shamefull her restraint may goe in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

Alon. You speak as if she lov'd some other then.

Tom. Do you apprehend so slowly ?

Alon. Nay, and that be your fear onely, I am safe enough,
Preserve your friendship and your counsel brother,
For times of more distress, I should depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one
To any but thy self, that should but think
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
Much less the use and practice ; yet w're friends,
Pray let no more be urg'd, I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her,
Then I am not my self. Farewell sweet brother,
How much w're bound to heaven to depart lovingly. *Exit.*

Tom. Why here is loves tame madness, thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation. *Exit.*

Enter Diaphanta and Alfemero

Dia. The place is my charge, you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting blefs you.
I hear my Lady coming ; compleat Gentleman,
I dare not be too busie with my praises,
Th'are dangerous things to deal with. *Exit.*

Alf. This goes well, these women are the Ladies Cabinets,
Things of most pretious trust are lock into 'em.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. I have within mine eye, all my desires,
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,

D

Come

The Changeling.

Come not more sweet to our necessities,
Then thou unto my wishes.

Alf. We are so like in our expressions, Lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Bea. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy? This poor kiss
It has an enemy, a hatefull one,
That wishes poyson to't: how well were I now
If there were none such name known as *Piracquo*?
Nor no such tye as the command of Parents,
I should be but too much blessed.

Alf. One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go neer it too,
Since you are so distressed, remove the cause
The command ceases, so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.

Bea. Pray let me find you sir. What might that service be so
strangely happy?

Alf. The honorablest peece 'bout man, Valour.
I'll send a challenge to *Piracquo* instantly.

Bea. How? Call you that extinguishing of fear.
When 'tis the onely way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joyes and comforts? Pray no more, sir;
Say you prevaild, your dangers and not mine then
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive:
I'me glad these thoughts come forth, O keep not one
Of this condition sir; here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:
The tears would ne're a-dried, till dust had choak'd 'em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,
And now I think on one—I was too blame,
I ha mar'd so good a market with my scorn;
'T had been done questionless, the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be.

Alf. Lady.

Bea. Why men of Art make much of poyson,
Keep one to expell another, where was my Art?

The Changeling.

Alf. Lady, you hear not me.

Bea. I do especially sir, the present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be, we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly, now till the time opens.

Alf. You teach wisdom, Lady.

Bea. Within there *Diaphanta*.

Enter Diaphanta.

Dia. Do you call, Madam?

Bea. Perfect your service, and conduct this Gentleman
The privat way you brought him.

Dia. I shall, Madam.

Alf. My love's as firm as love e're built upon. *Ex. Dia. and Alf.*

Enter Desflores.

Desf. I have watcht this meeting, and doe wonder much
What shall become of t'other, I me sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress; happily
Then Il'e put in for one: for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like Arithmetick,
1, 10, 100, 1000, 10000, proves in time Sutler to an Army Royall.
Now do I look to be most richly raild at,
Yet I must see her.

Bea. Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a Sepulcher,
Must I needs shew it? Cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him?-- see he's here--- *Desflores.*

Desf. Ha, I shall run mad with joy,
She call'd me fairly by my name *Desflores*,
And neither Rogue nor Rascal. *(good Physitian,*

Bea. What ha' you done to your face a-late? y'ave met with some
Y'ave prun'd your self me thinks, you were not wont
To look so amorously.

Desf. Not I, tis the same Phisnomy to a hair and pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour agoe: How is this?

Bea. Come hither, neerer man.

Desf. I'me up to the chin in heaven.

Bea. Turn, let me see, vauh tis but the heat of the liver, I perceiv't.
I thought it had been worse.

Desf. Her fingers touch't me, she smells all Amber.

Bea. I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this, within a fortnight.

Desf. With your own hands, Lady?

The Changeling.

Bea: Yes, mine own sir, in a work of cure, I'll trust no other.

Def: 'Tis half an act of pleasure to hear her talk thus to me.

Bea: When w're us'd to a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing,
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends, I see it by experience.

Def: I was blest to light upon this minute, I'll make use on't.

Bea: Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,
It argues service, resolution, manhood, if cause were of imployment.

Def: 'T would be soon seen, if e're your Ladiship had cause to use it.
I would but wish the honor of a service so happy as that mounts to.

Bea: We shall try you — Oh my *Desflores*!

Def: How's that? She calls me hers already, my *Desflores*,
You were about to sigh out somewhat, Madam.

Bea: No, was I? I forgot — Oh!

Def: There 'tis agen — the very fellow on't.

Bea: You are too quick, sir.

Def: There's no excuse for't, now I heard it twice, Madam,
That sigh would fain have utterance, take pitty on't,
And lend it a free word, 'las how it labours
For liberty, I hear the murmur yet beat at your bosome.

Bea: Would Creation —

Def: I well said, that's it.

Bea: Had form'd me man.

Def: Nay, that's not it.

Bea: Oh 'tis the soul of freedom, I should not then be fore'd to
marry one

I hate beyond all depths, I should have power

Then to oppose my loathings, nay remove 'em for ever from my sight.

Def: Oh blest occasion — Without change to your Sex, you
have your wishes.

Claim so much man in me.

Bea: In thee *Desflores*? There's small cause for that.

Def: Put it not from me, it's a service that I kneel for to you.

Bea: You are too violent to mean faithfully,
There's horror in my service, blood and danger,
Can those be things to sue for?

Def: If you knew how sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then
I faild, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't.

Bea: This is much methinks, belike his wants are greedy, & to such
Gold

The Changeling.

Gold tastes like Angels food — Rise.

Def. I'll have the work first.

Bea. Possible his need is strong upon him, there's to encourage thee
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be pretious.

Def. That I have thought on, I have assur'd my self of that before
hand, and know it will be pretious, the thought ravishes.

Bea. Then take him to thy fury.

Def. I thirst for him.

Bea. *Alonzo de Piracquo.*

Def. His ends upon him, he shall be seen no more.

Bea. How lovely now dost thou appear to me!
Never was man dearlier rewarded.

Def. I do think of that.

Bea. Be wondrous carefull in the execution.

Def. Why? are not both our lives upon the cast?

Bea. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

Def. They ne're shall rise to hurt you.

Bea. When the deed's done, I'll furnish thee with all things for thy
flight, thou mayst live bravely in another countrey.

Def. I, I, wee'll talk of that hereafter.

Bea. I shall rid my self of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo and his Dog-face. *Exit.*

Def. Oh my blood, methinks I feel her in mine arms already.
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em;
Nay which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders — I'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. *Deflores.*

Def. My kind honorable Lord.

Alon. I am glad I ha' met with thee.

Def. Sir.

Alon. Thou canst shew me the full strength of the Castle,

Def. That I can sir.

Alon. I much desire it.

Def.

The Changeling.

Def. And if the ways & straits of some of the passages be not too tedious for you, I will assure you worth your time and sight, my Lord.

Alon. Puh, that shall be no hinderance.

Def. I'me your servant then: 'tis now neer dinner time, 'gainst your Lordships rising I'll have the keys about me.

Alon. Thanks kind Desflores.

Def. He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes

Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Alonzo and Desflores.

(In the Act time Desflores hides a naked Rapier.)

Def. **Y**Es, here are all the keys, I was afraid my Lord,
I'de wanted for the postern, this is it.

I've all, I've all, my Lord: this for the Sconce.

Alon. 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable Fort.

Def. You'll tell me more my Lord: this discent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us.

Alon. Thou sayst true.

Def. Pray let me help your Lordship.

Alon. 'Tis done. Thanks kind Desflores.

Def. Here are hooks my Lord, to hang such things on purpose.

Alon. Lead, I'll follow thee. *Ex. at one door & enter at the other.*

Def. All this is nothing, you shall see anon a place you little dream

Alon. I am glad I have this leasure: all your masters house
Imagine I ha' taken a *Gondela*.

Def. All but my self, sir, which makes up my safety,
My Lord, I'll place you at a Casement here,
Will shew you the full strength of all the Castle.
Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.

Alon. Here's rich variety Desflores.

Def. Yes, sir.

Alon. Goodly munition.

Def. I, there's Ordnance sir, no bastard metall, will ring you a peal
like

The Changeling.

like Bells at greet mens Funerals ; keep your eye streight, my Lords.
take speciall notice of that Sconce before you , there you may dwell
a-while.

Alon. I am upon't.

Def. And so am I.

Alon: *Deflores*, oh *Deflores*, whose malice hast thou put on ?

Def: Doe you question a work of secresie ? I must silence you.

Alon. Oh, oh, oh.

Def. I must silence you.

So, here's an undertaking wel accomplish'd.

This vault serves to good use now — Ha ! what's that

Threw sparkles in my eye ? — Oh 'tis a Diamond

He wears upon his finger : it was well found,

This will approve the work. What, so fast on ?

Not part in death ? I'll take a speedy course then,

Finger and all shall off. So, now I'll clear

The passages from all suspect or fear.

Exit with Body,

Enter Isabella and Lollio.

Isa: Why firrah ? Whence have you commission

To fetter the doors against me ? If you

Keep me in a Cage, pray whistle to me,

Let me be doing something.

(pipe after.)

Lol: You shall be doing, if it please you, I'll whistle to you if you'll

Isa. Is it your Masters pleasure, or your own,

To keep me in this Pinfold ?

Lol: 'Tis for my masters pleasure, lest being taken in another mans
Corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Isa: 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.

Lol: He says you have company enough in the house, if you please
to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

Isa: Of all sorts ? Why here's none but fools and mad-men.

Lol: Very well : And where will you find any other, if you should
goe abroad ? There's my master and I to boot too:

Isa: Of either sort one, a mad-man and a fool.

Lol. I would ev'n participate of both then if I were as you, I know
y're half mad already ; be half foolish too.

Isa: Y're a brave sawcy Rascall, come on sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your Bed m ;

You were commending once to day to me,

Your last come lunatique, what a proper

Body

The Changeling.

Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pittifull delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray sir let me partake
If there be such a pleasure.

Lol. If I do not shew
You the handsomest, discreetest mad-man, one that I may
Call, the understanding mad-man; then say I am a fool.

Isa. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol. When you have a tast of the mad-man, you shal (if you please)
see Fools Colledge, o'th side, I seldome lock there, 'tis but shooting a
bolt or two, and you are amongst em.

Ex. Enter presently.

Come on sir, let me see how handsomly you'l behave your self now.

Enter Lol: Franciscus.

Fran. How sweetly she looks! Oh but there's a wrinkle in her
brow as deep as Philosophy, *Anacreon* drink to my Mistress health,
I'll pledge it: Stay, stay, there's a Spider in the cup: No, tis but a
Grape-stone, swallow it, fear nothing Poet; so, so, lift higher.

Isa. Alack, alack, tis too full of pitty
To be laught at; how fell he mad? Canst thou tell?

Lol. For love, Mistress,
He was a pretty Poet too, and that set him forwards first;
The Muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a Chambermaid,
Yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail bright *Titania*, why standst thou idle on these flowry
banks? *Oberon* is dancing with his *Dryades*, I'll gather dazies, prim-
rose, violets, and bind them in a verse of Poesie.

Lol. Not too neer, you see your danger.

Fran. Oh hold thy hand great *Diomed*, thou feedst thy horses well,
they shall obey thee; Get up, *Bucephalus* kneels.

Lol. You see how I aw my flock, a Shephard has not his dog at
more obedience.

Isa. His conscience is unquiet, sure that was
The cause of this. A proper Gentleman.

Fran. Come hither *Esculapius*, hide the poyson.

Lol. Well, tis hid.

Fran. Didst thou never hear of one *Tiresias* a famous Poet?

Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild-geese.

Fran. That's he, I am the man.

Lol. No.

Fran

The Changeling.

Fra. Yes, but make no words on't, I was a man seven years agoe,

Lol. A stripling I think you might.

Fra. Now Im'e a woman, all feminine.

Lol. I would I might see that.

Fra. *Juno* struck me blind,

Lol. I'le ne're beleeeve that ; for a woman they say, has an eye more then a man.

Fra. I say she struck me blind.

Lol. And *Luna* made you mad, you have two trades to beg with.

Fra. *Luna* is now big bellied, and there's room for both of us to ride with *Hecate* ; I'le drag thee up into her silver sphear, and there we'l kick the Dog, and beat the bush that barks against the Witches of the night, the swift *Licanthropi* that walks the round, we'l tear their wolvisk skins, and save the sheep.

Lol. Is't come to this? nay then my poyson comes forth agen, mad slave, indeed, abuse your Keeper !

Isa. I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous. *Sing.*

Fra. Sweet love pitie me, give me leave to lye with thee.

Lol. No, I'le see you wiser first : To your own kennell.

Fra. No noyse she sleeps, draw all the Curtains round,
Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love, creeps in at a mouse-hole.

Lol. I wo'd you wo'd get into your hole. *Exit Fra.*
Now Mistrefs I wil bring you another sort, you shal be fool'd another while, *Tony*, come hither *Tony*, look who's yonder *Tony*.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Cousin, is it not my Ant ?

Lol. Yes, 'tis on of 'um *Tony*.

Ant. He, he, how do you Uncle ?

Lol. Fear him not Mistrefs, 'tis a gentle nigget, you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bawble.

Isa. How long hast thou been a fool ?

Ant. Ever since I came hither, Cousin ?

Isa. Cousin, I me none of thy Cousins fool.

Lol. Oh mistrefs, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.

Madman within. Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls.

Isa. Hearnk you, your scholars in the upper room are out of order.

Lol. Must I come amongst you there ? Keep you the fool mistrefs,
I'le go up, & play left handed *Orlando* amongst the madmen. *Exit.*

The Changeling.

Isa. Well, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet Lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Ant. This shape of Folly throwds your dearest Love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magick had this force thus to transform me.

Isa. You are a fine Fool indeed.

(all

Ant. Oh 'tis not strange: Love has an intellect that runs through
The scrutinous Sciences; and like
A cunning Poet, catches a quantity
Of every Knowledge, yet brings all home
Into one mysterie, into one secret
That he proceeds in.

Isa. Y'are a parlous Fool.

Ant. No danger in me: I bring nought but Love,
And his soft wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you,
I'll stand you twenty back in recompence.

Isa. A forward Fool too.

Ant. This was Love's teaching:
A thousand wayes she fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and neerest
To tread the *Gallaxia* to my Star.

Isa. Profound, withall certain: You dream'd of this;
Love never taught it waking.

(within

Ant. Take no acquaintance of these outward Follies; there is
A Gentleman that loves you.

Isa. When I see him, I'll speak with him; so in the mean time
Keep your habit, it becomes you well enough
As you are a Gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but plaid the Fool.

Enter *Lollio*:

(Valentine

Ant. And must agen; he, he, I thank you Cozen, I'll be your
To morrow morning.

Lol. How do you like the Fool, Mistress?

Isa. Passing well, Sir.

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well for a Fool?

Isa. If

The Changeling.

Isa. If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to something!

Lol. I, thank a good Tutor: You may put him to't; he begins To answer pretty hard questions. *Tony*, how many is Five times six?

Ant. Five times six, is six times five.

Lol. What Arithmetician could have answerd better? how many is One hundred and seven?

Ant. One hundred and seven, is seven hundred and one, *Cozen*.

Lol. This is no wit to speak on; Will you be rid of the Fool now?

Isa. By no means, let him stay a little.

Mad-man within. Catch there, catch the last couple in hell.

Lol. Agen, must I come amongst you? Would my Master were come home!

I am not able to govern both these Wards together. *Exit.*

Ant. Why should a minute of Loves hour be lost?

Isa. Fie, out agen! I had rather you kept Your other posture: you become not your tongue, When you speak from your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze, lives neer so sweet a warmth? Shall I alone Walk through the orchard of the *Hesperides*.

And cowardly not dare to pull an apple?

This with the red cheeks I must venter for. *Enter Lol. above.*

Isa. Take heed, there's Gyants keep 'em.

Lol. How now fool, are you good at that? have you read *Lipsius*? He's past *Ars Amandi*; I believe I must put harder Questions to him, I perceive that —

Isa. You are bold without fear too. *(smile,*

Ant. What should I fear, having all joyes about me? Do you And Love shall play the wanton on your lip,

Meet and retire, retire and meet agen:

Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes

I shall behold mine own deformity,

And dresse my self up fairer; I know this shape

Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors

I shall array me handfomly.

Lol. Cuckow, Cuckow — *Exit.*

Mad-men above, some as birds, others as beasts.

Ant. What are these?

Isa. Of fear enough to part us, yet are they but our schools of Lunatiques,

The Changeling.

That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suiting their present thoughts; if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh agen.
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wilde fanfies prompt 'um.

Enter Lollio.

Ant. These are no fears.

Isa. But here's a large one, my man.

Ant. Ha, he, that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lol. I would my master were come home, 'tis too much for one shep-
heard to govern two of these flocks; nor can I beleeve that one
Churchman can instruct two benefices at once, there wil be some in-
curable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other.

Come *Tony*.

Ant. Prithee cousin, let me stay here stil.

Lol. No, you must to your Book now you have plaid sufficiently.

Isa. Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think but he will put you
down one of these dayes.

Exeunt Lol. and Ant.

Isa. Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchfull bankers, would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one wayes or other:
The Needles poynt will to the fixed North,
Such drawing Articks womens beauties are.

Enter Lollio.

Lol. How dost thou sweet rogue?

Isa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better then another.

Isa. What's the matter?

Lol. Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to Fools-flesh, have at thee.

Isa. You bold slave you.

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did,
What should I fear, having all joys about me: do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip;
Meet and retire, retire and meet agen:
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes,
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress my self up fairer, I know this shape

Becomes

The Changeling.

Becomes me not ; and so as it follows, but is not this the more
Foolish way ? Come sweet rogue, kiss me my little *Lacedemonian*.
Let me feel how thy pulses beat ; Thou hast a thing
About thee, would doe a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

Isa. Sirrah, no more I see you have discovered.
This loves Knight arrant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love ; be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat,
I'll do it, though for no other purpose,
And be sure hee'll not refuse it.

Lol. My share, that's all, I'll have my fools part with you

Isa. No more your master.

Enter Alibius.

Alib: Sweet, how dost thou ?

Isa. Your bounden servant, sir.

Alib: Fie, fie, sweet heart, no more of that.

Isa: You were best lock me up.

Alib: In my arms and bosome, my sweet *Isabella*,
I'll lock thee up most neerly. *Lollio*,
We have imployment ; we have task in hand,
At noble *Vermonderos* our Castle Captain,
There is a nuptiall to be solemniz'd,
Beatrice Joanna his fair daughter Bride,
For which the Gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finish (as it were) and make the fagg
Of all the Revels, the third night from the first,
Onely an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightfull pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at ; could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking times head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heald again
In one age or other, if not in this,
This, this *Lollio*, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty be it known.

Lol. This is easie, sir, I'll warrant you : you have about you Fools
and Madmen that can dance very well, and 'tis no wonder, your best
Dancers are not the wisest men, the reason is, with often jumping
they

The Changeling.

they joust their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels then in their heads.

Alib. Honest *Lollio*, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it.

Isa. Y'ave a fine trade on't, Mad-men and Fools are a staple-commodity.

Alib. Oh wife, we must eat, weare clothes, and live,
Just at the Lawyers Haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

Exeunt.

Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Beatrice.

Ver. *Valentia* speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Alf. The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a Kings love.

Ver. I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joyes eternall,
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale agen.
Come sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joyes in.

Alf. I hear the beauty of this seat largely.

Ver. It falls much short of that.

Exeunt. Manet Beatrice.

Bea. So, here's one step
Into my fathers favour, time will fix him,
I have got him now the liberty of the House,
So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom;
And if that eye be darkned that offends me,
I wait but that Eclipse; this Gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my Fathers liking,
Through the refulgent vertue of my love.

Enter Desfores.

Des. My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed,
I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap,
For the sweet recompence, that I set down for it.

Bea. *Desfores.*

Des. Lady:

Bea. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

Des. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes and my service.

Bea. Is it done then.

Des. *Piracquo* is no more.

Bea.

The Changeling.

Bea. My joyes start at mine eyes, our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

Def. I've a token for you.

Bea. For me?

Def. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
I could not get the Ring without the Finger.

Bea. Bless me! what hast thou done?

Def. Why is that more then killing the whole man? I cut his
heart strings.

A greedy hand thrust in a dish at Court
In a mistake, hath had as much as this.

Bea. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him,

Def. And I made him send it back agen
For his last token, I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of Jewels,
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck,
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

Bea. At the Stags fall the Keeper has his fees:
'Tis soon apply'd, all dead mens fees are yours, Sir,
I pray bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly, the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is neer three hundred Duckets.

Def. 'Twil hardly buy a capcase for ones conscience tho
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis.
Well, being my fees I'll take it,
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

Bea. It might justly, sir: Why thou mistak'st *Desfiores*, 'tis not gi-
ven in state of recompence.

Def. No, I hope so, Lady, you should soon witness my contempt
too't then.

Bea. Prithee, thou lookst as if thou wer't offended.

Def. That were strange, Lady, tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you.
Offended? Cou'd you think so? That were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.

Bea. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

Def. I know so much, it were so, misery
In her most sharp condition.

Bea.

The Changeling.

Bea. 'Tis resolv'd then ; look you sir, here's 3000. golden Florens,
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

Def. What fallery ? Now you move me.

Bea. How *Deflores* ?

Def. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages ? offer gold ?
The life blood of man ; Is any thing
Valued too pretious for my recompence ?

Bea. I understand thee not.

Def. I could ha' hir'd a journey-man in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have,
And have had the work brought home.

Bea. I'me in a labyrinth ,
What will content him ? I would fain be rid of him.
I'll double the sum, sir. (doc.

Def. You take a course to double my vexation, that's the good you

Bea. Bless me ! I am now in worse plight then I was,
I know not what will please him : for my fears sake
I prithee make away with all speed possible.
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee,
But prithee take thy flight.

Def. You must flie too then.

Bea. I ?

Def. I'll not stir a foot else.

Bea. What's your meaning ?

Def. Why are not you as guilty, in I'me sure
As deep as I ? and we should stick together.
Come, your fears counsell you but ill, my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.

Bea. He speaks home.

Def. Nor is it fit we two ingag'd so joyntly,
Should part and live asunder.

Bea. How now sir ? This shews not well.

Def. What makes your lip so strange ? This must not be betwixt us.

Bea. The man talks wildly.

Def. Com' kisse me with a zeal now.

Bea. Heaven I doubt him.

Def.

The Changeling.

Def. I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

Bea. Take heed *Desflores* of forgetfulness, 'twill soon betray us.

Def. Take you heed first;

Faith y'are grown much forgetfull, y'are too blame in't.

Bea. He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.

Def. I have eas'd you of your trouble, think on't, I'me in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

Bea. I dare not.

Def. Quickly.

Bea. Oh I never shall, speak it yet further of that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't.
I would not hear so much offence again for such another deed.

Def. Soft, Lady, soft; the last is not yet paid for, oh this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parcht earth of moisture, when the clouds weep.
Did you not mark, I wrought my self into't.
Nay sued and kneel'd for't: Why was all that pains took?
You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold,
Not that I want it, for I doe piteously,
In order I will come unto't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so pretious to begin with;
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompence with grudging.
As if I had but halfe my hopes I agreed for.

Bea. Why 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honor:
Thy language is so bold and vitious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it with any modesty.

Def. Push, you forget your selfe, a woman dipt in blood, and
talk of modesty.

Bea. O misery of sin! would I had been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that *Piracquo*, then to hear these words.

Think but upon the distance that Creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

Def. Look but into your conscience, read me there,

The Changeling.

'Tis a true Book, you'l find me there your equall :
Push, flye not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, y'are no more now,
You must forget your parentage to me,
Y'are the deeds creature, by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

Bea. With thee, foul villain ?

Def. Yes, my fair murtheress ; Do you urge me ?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredome in thy heart, and he's chang'd now,
To bring thy second on thy *Alsemero*,
Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not) thou ne're enjoyst,
I'll blast the hopes and joyes of marriage,
I'll confesse all, my life I rate at nothing.

Bea. Desflours.

Def. I shall rest from all lovers plagues then,
I live in pain now : that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.

Bea. O sir, hear me.

Def. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

Bea. Stay, hear me once for all, I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels,
Let me go poor unto my bed with honor,
And I am rich in all things.

Def. Let this silence thee,
The wealth of all *Valentia* shall not buy my pleasure from me,
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose ?
So soon may weep me.

Bea. Vengeance begins ;
Murder I see is followed by more sins.
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must ingender with a Viper first ?

Def. Come, rise, and shrowd your blushes in my bosome,
Silence is one of pleasures best receipts :
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yeelding.

The Changeling.

'Lasse how the Turtle pants ! Thou'lt love anon,
What thou so fear'st, and faint'st to venture on.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Gentlemen, Vermandero meeting them with action of wonderment at the sight of Piracquo. Enter Allemero, with Jasperino, and Gallants, Vermandero poynts to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choyce, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Gentlemen; Beatrice the Bride following in great state, accompanied with Diaphanta, Isabella, and other Gentlemen: Deslores after all, smiling at the accident; Alonzo's Ghost appears to Deslores in the midst of his smile, startles him, shewing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They passe over in great solemnity.

Enter Beatrice:

Bea. **T**His fellow has undone me endlessly,
Never was Bride so fearfully distrest;
The more I think upon th'ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One both ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding, that's my plague now,
Before whose judgement will my fault appear
Like malefactors crimes before Tribunals,
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
Into my own distrefs; how a wise man
Stands for a great calamity, there's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe're I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger;
He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by by him, as a cheater use me;
'Tis a pretious craft to play with a false Dye
Before a cunning Gamester; here's his closet,
The key left in't, and he abroad i'th Park,
Sure 'twas forgot, I'll be so bold as look in't.
Bless me! A right Physicians closet 'tis,
Set round with viols, every one her mark too.

The Changeling.

Sure he does practice Physick for his own use,
Which may be safely call'd your great mans Wisdom.
What manuscript lies here? The Book of Experiment,
Call'd *Secrets in Nature*: so 'tis, 'tis so,
How to know whether a woman be with child or no.
I hope I am not yet; if he should try tho
Let me see folio 45: Here 'tis;
the leaf tuckt dow upon't, the place suspicious.
If you would know whether a woman be with child, or not,
Give her two spoonfuls of the white water in Glass C.
Wher's that Glass C: O yonder I see't now, and if she be with child,
She sleeps full twelve hours after, if not, not
None of that water comes into my belly.
I'll know you from a hundred, I could break you now
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery, but I'll look to you.
Ha! that which is next, is ten times worse.
How to know whether a woman be a maid, or not;
If that should be apply'd, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
A merry slight, but true experiment, the Author *Antonius Mizaldus*.
Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water,
In the glass M. which upon her that is a maid, makes three severall
effects, 'twill make her incontinently gape, then fall into a sudden
sneezing, last into a violent laughing, else dull, heavy and lumpish.
Where had I been? I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed time.

Enter Diaphanta

Dia. Cuds Madam, are you here?

Bea. Seeing that wench now

A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece,
Gold cannot purchase; I come hither wench,
To look my Lord.

Dia. Would I had such a cause to look him too.
Why he's ith' Park Madam.

Bea. There let him be.

Dia. I madam, let him compass,
Whole Parks and Forrests, as great Rangers doe,
At roosting time a little lodge can hold'em.
Earth-conquering *Alexander*, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.

Bea.

The Changeling.

Bea. I fear thou art not modest, *Diaphanta.*

Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, Madam,
'Tis ever the Brides fashion towards bed-time,
To set light by her joyes, as if she ow'd 'em not.

Bea. Her joys; her fears thou wouldst say.

Dia. Fear of what?

Bea. Art thou a maid, and talkst so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind,
Besheew your heart for't.

Dia. Do you mean good sooth, madam?

Bea. Well, if I'de thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.

Dia. Is't possible?

Bea. I will give a thousand Duckets to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To morrow, when she gets from't: as she likes
I might perhaps be drawn too't.

Dia. Are you in earnest?

Bea. Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll e'lie from't; but I must tell you.
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no tryall, my fears are not hers else.

Dia. Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam
shall be a maid.

Bea. You know I should be sham'd else, because she lies for me.

Dia. 'Tis a strange humour:

But are you serious still? Would you resigne
Your first nights pleasure, and give money too?

Bea. As willingly as live; alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honor.

Dia. I doe not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty, there's both requir'd in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further,
I've a good mind in troth to earn your money.

Bea. Y'are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

Dia. How? not a maid? nay then you urge me madam,
Your honorable self is not a truer
With all your fears upon you.

Bea. Bad enough then.

Dia. Then I with all my lightsome joyes about me.

Bea.

The Changeling.

Bea. I'me glad to hear't then, you dare put your honesty
Upon an easie tryall.

Dia. Easie? — any thing.

Bea. I'le come to you streight.

Dia. She will not search me? will she?
Like the fore-woman of a female Jury.

Bea. Glas M. I, this is it; look *Diaphanta*,
You take no worfe then I do.

Dia. And in so doing I will not question what 'tis, but take it.

Bea. Now if the experiment be true, 'twill praise it selfe,
And give me noble ease: — Begins already,
There's the first symptome; and what hast it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time
Most admirable secret, on the contrary
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.

Dia. Ha, ha, ha.

Bea. Just in all things and in order,
As if 'twere circumscrib'd, one accident gives way unto another.

Dia. Ha, ha, ha.

Bea. How now wench?

Dia. Ha, ha, ha, I am so so light at heart, ha, ha, ha. so pleasurable.
But one swig more, sweet Madam.

Bea. I, to morrow, we shall have time to sit by't.

Dia. Now I'me sad agen.

(*phanta*

Bea. It laves it self so gently too; Come wench, most honest *Dia*—
I dare call thee now.

Dia. Pray tell me, madam, what trick call you this?

Bea. I'le tell thee all hereafter; we must study the carriage of this
business:

Dia. I shall carry't well, because I love the burthen.

Bea. About midnight you must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.

Dia. Oh fear not, Madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the brides place,
And with a thousand Duckets; I'me for a Justice now,
I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools.

Exeunt.

Enter Vermandero and Servant.

Ver. I tell thee knave, mine Honor is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause; who of my Gentlemen are absent?

Tell

The Changeling.

Tell me and truly how many, and who.

Ser. Antonio, Sir, and Franciscus.

Ver. When did they leave the Castle?

Ser. Some ten days since, sir, the one intending to *Briamata*,
Th'other for *Valentia*.

Ver. The time accuses 'um, a charge of murder
Is brought within my Castle gate, *Piracquo's* murder,
I dare not answer faithfully their absence:

A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'um suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.
See, I am set on agen.

Exit Servant.

Enter Tomazo.

Tom. I claim a brother of you.

Ver. Y'are too hot, seek him not here.

Tom. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction,
This is the place must yeeld account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatcht marriage, gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruine.

Ver. Certain falsehood;
This is the place indeed, his breach of faith,
Has too much mar'd both my abused love,
The honorable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock't my daughters joy; the prepar'd morning
Blusht at his infidelity, he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: oh 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such publick wrongs on those that lov'd him

Tom. Then this is all your answer.

Ver. Tis too fair for one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more see you.

Exit.

Enter Deflores.

Tom. The best is, there is more ground to meet a mans revenge on.
Honest Deflores.

Def. That's my name indeed.
Saw you the Bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?

Tom.

The Changeling.

Tom. I have blest mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

Def. I'de fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brothers blood when I come neer him.

Tom. Come hither kind and true one ; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.

Def. O purely, dear sir, me thinks I am now agen a killing on him.
He brings it so fresh to me.

Tom. Thou canst guesse firrah,
One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy
At some foul guilty person.

Def. 'Lasse sir, I am so charitable, I think none
Worse then my self — You did not see the Bride then ?

Tom. I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked ?

Def. No, no, a pretty easie round-packt sinner,
As your most Ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her ; but sir, at no hand wicked,
Till th'are so old their sins and vices meet,
And they salute Witches ; I am call'd, I think sir:
His company ev'n ore-lays my conscience. *Exit.*

Tom. That *Deflores* has a wondrous honest heart.
He'l bring it out in time, I'me assur'd on't:
O here's the glorious master of the dayes joy.
I will not be long till he and I do reckon sir.

Enter Alfemero.

Alf. You are most welcome.

Tom. You may call that word back,
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

Alf. 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.

Tom. Would I'de nere known the cause, I'me none of those sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine,
'Tis a more pretious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.

Alf. Your words and you appear to me great strangers.

Tom. Time and our swords may make us more acquainted ;
This the businesse.

I should have a brother in your Place,
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'me bound to enquire of him which holds his right:
Which never could come fairly.

Alf. You must look to answer for that word, sir.

Tom.

The Changeling.

Tom: Fear you not, I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn. Farewell, I disturb it not,
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time:

Exit:

Alf: 'Tis somewhat ominous this, a quarrell entred
Upon this day, my innocence relieves me,

Enter Jasperino.

I should be wondrous sad else — *Jasperino*,
I have newes to tell thee, strange news.

Jas: I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours, would I might keep
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't.
Faith sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.

Alf: This put's me on, and blames thee for thy slowness.

Jas: All may prove nothing,
Onely a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

Alf: No question it may prove nothing; let's partake it thou.

Jas: 'Twas *Diaphanta's* chance, for to that wench
I pretend honest love, and she deserves it,
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for privat conference;
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your brides voyce in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found *Deslores*
Lowder then she.

Alf: *Deslores*? Thou art out now.

Jas: You'll tell me more anon.

Alf: Still I'll prevent thee, the very sight of him is poyson to her.

Jas: That made me stagger too, but *Diaphanta*
At her return confirm'd it.

Alf: *Diaphanta*!

Jas: Then fell we both to listen, and words past
Like those that chalenge interest in a woman:

Alf: Peace, quench thy zeal, tis dangerous to thy bosom

Jas: Then truth is full of perill.

Alf: Such truths are--O were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into Kings breasts,
And toucht, she sleeps not here, yet I have time
Though night be neer, to be resolv'd hereof,
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

The Changeling.

Jas. I never weigh'd friend so.

Alf. Done charitably, that key will lead thee to a pretty secret,
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've
My study upon some, bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M.
And question not my purpose.

Jas. It shall be done sir.

Exit.

Alf. How can this hang together? Not an hour since?
Her woman came pleading her Lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at mans name, and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosome.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. All things go well, my womans preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose,
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

Alf. Push, Modesties shrine is set in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too sure tho, my *Joanna*.

Bea. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,
Pardon my modest fears.

Alf. The Dove's not meeker.
She's abus'd questionless. — Oh are you come, sir?

Enter Jasperino.

Bea. The glass upon my life; I see the letter,

Jas. Sir, this is M.

Alf. T's it

Bea. I am suspected.

Alf. How fitly our Bride comes to partake with us!

Bea. What is't, my Lord?

Alf. No hurt.

Bea. Sir, pardon me, I seldom tast of any composition.

Alf. But this upon my warrant you shall venture on.

Bea. I fear't will make me ill.

Alf. Heaven forbid that.

Bea. I'me put now to my cunning, th'effects I know,
If I can now but feign'em handfomly.

Alf. It has that secret vertue it ne're mist, sir,
Upon a virgin.

Jas. Treble qualited:

Alf.

The Changeling.

Alf. By all that's vertuous it takes there, proceeds.

Jas. This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.

Bea. Ha, ha, ha, you have given me joy of heart to drink my Lord.

Alf. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.

Bea. What's the matter sir?

Alf. See now 'tis settled in a melancholy,
Keep both the time and method, my *Joanna*.
Chast as the breath of heaven, or mornings womb,
That brings the day forth, thus my love incloses thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Lollio.

Isa. Oh heaven! is this the waiting-moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all once?
Sirrah, here's a mad-man, a-kin to the fool too,
A lunatick lover.

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the Letter from.

Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

Lol. The out's mad, I'm sure of that, I had a taste on't.
*To the bright Andromeda, chiefe Chambermaid to the
Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle
Region, sent by the Bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the
Post.*

This is stark madness.

Isa. Now mark the inside.

*Sweet Lady, having now cast off this Counterfeit Cover of
a mad-man, I appeare to your best Judgement a true and
faithfull Lover of your beauty.*

Lol. He is mad still.

Isa. If any fault you finde, chide those perfections in you, which have
have made me imperfect; 'Tis the same Sun that causeth to
grow, and inforceth to wither.

Lol. Oh Rogue!

Isa. Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again, I come in winter
to you dismantled of my proper ornaments, by the sweet splendor
of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.

Lol. Mad Rascall still.

Isa. I tread him not under foot, that shal appear an honour to your boun-
ties. I remain — mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect
my cure.

Yours all, or one beside himself,

Franciscus.

Lol.

The Changeling.

Lol: You are like to have a fine time on't, my Master and I may give over our professions, I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster then we, with little pains too:

Isa: Very likely.

Lol: One thing I must tell you Mistress, you perceive, that I am privy to your skill, if I finde you minister once and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I shall be mad or fool else.

Isa: The first place is thine, beleeve it, *Lollio*,
If I do fall:

Lol: I fall upon you.

Isa: So.

Lol: Well I stand to my venture:

Isa: But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with 'um?

Lol: We do you mean to deal with 'um.

Isa: Nay, the fair understanding, how to use 'um.

Lol: Abuse 'um, that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'um kindly.

Isa: 'Tis easie, I'll practise, do thou observe it,
The key of thy Wardrobe:

Lol: There fit your self for 'um, and I'll fit 'um both for you.

Isa: Take thou no further notice, then the outside: *Exit.*

Lol: Not an inch, I'll put you to the inside.

Enter Alibius.

Ali: *Lollio*, art there, will all be perfect think'st thou
To morrow night, as if to close up the solemnity :
Vermandero expects us:

Lol: I mistrust the madmen most, the fools will do well enough :
I have taken pains with them.

Ali: Tush they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the Ladies; they are nice things thou know'st.

Lol: You need not fear, Sir, so long as we are there with our
commanding peesles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Ali: I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

Lol: I was about it, Sir; looke you to the madmens Morris, and let
me alone with the other; there is one or two that I mistrust their
fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole
measure:

Ali: Do so, I'll see the musick prepar'd: but, *Lollio*.
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint :

Does.

The Changeling.

Does she not grudge at it.

Lol. So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house, she would a-broad else, you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

Ali. She shall along to *Vermandero's* with us,
That will serve her for a moneths liberty.

Lol. What's that on your face, Sir?

Ali. Where, *Lollio*, I see nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy, Sir, tis your nose, it shew'd like the trunk of a young Elephant.

Ali. Away, Rascal: I'll prepare the musick, *Lollio* *Ex. Ali.*

Lol. Do, Sir; and I'll dance the whilst; *Tony*, where art thou *Tony*? *Enter Antonio.*

Ant. Here, *Cozen*, where art thou?

Lol. Come, *Tony*, the footmanship I taught you.

Ant. I had rather ride, *Cozen*.

Lol. I, a whip take you; but I'll keep you out,
Vault in; look you, *Tony*, Fa, la la la la.

Ant. Fa, la la la la.

Lol. There, an honour.

Ant. Is this an honour, *Cuz*?

Lol. Yes, and it please your worship.

Ant. Does honour bend in the hams, *Cuz*?

Lol. Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomandry
It self sometimes, from whence it first stiffened,
There rise a caper.

Ant. Caper after an honour, *Cuz*.

Lol. Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rise as fast and high,
Has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground agen,
You can remember your figure, *Tony*? *Exit.*

Ant. Yes, *Cozen*, when I see thy figure, I can remember mine.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hey, how she treads the air, though, though, to'ther way,
He burns his wings else, here's wax enough below *Icarus*,
More then will be cancelled these eighteen moons;
He's down, he's down, what a terrible fall he had, stand up,
Thou son of *Cretan Dedalus*, and let us tread the lower
Labyrinth; I'll bring thee to the Clue.

Ant. Prethee, *Cuz*, let me alone.

Isa. Art thou not drown'd,
About thy head I saw a heap of Clouds-

Wrapt:

The Changeling.

Wrapt like a Turkish Turbant on thy back,
A crookt Camelion colour'd rainbow hung,
Like a *Tyara* down unto thy hams.
Let me suck out those Billows in thy belly,
Heark how they rore and rumble in the streets.
Bless thee from the Pyrats.

Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone.

Isa. Why shouldst thou mount so high as *Mercury*,
Unlesse thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the Moon with me *Endymion*,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drown'd my love.

Ant. I'll kick thee if again thou touch me,
Thou wild unshapen Antick; I am no fool,
You Bedlam.

Isa. But you are as sure as I am, mad.
Have I put on this habit of a frantick,
With love as full of fury to beguile
The nimble eye of watchfull jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

Ant. Ha dearest beauty.

Isa. No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.
You a quick-sighted lover, come not neere me.
Keep your Caparisons, y^e are aptly clad,
I came a feigner to return stark mad.

Exit.

Enter Lollio.

Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are.

Loll. Wy *Tony*, whither now? why fool?

Ant. Whose fool, usher of Idiotts, you Coxcomb.
I have foold too much.

Lol. You were best be mad another while then:

Ant. So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough,
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a Fury.

Lol. Doe not, doe not, I shall not forbear the Gentleman under
the foole, if you doe; alas, I saw through your Fox-skin before
now: Come, I can give you comfort, My Mistress loves you, and
there

The Changeling.

there is as arrant a mad-man i'th house, as you are a foole ; your Rivall, whom she loves not ; if after the mask we can rid her of him, You earn her love she sayes, and the fool shall ride her.

Ant. May I beleieve thee ?

Lol. Yes, or you may chuse whether you will or no.

Ant. She's eas'd of him, I have a good quarrell on't.

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love.

Lol. And you are like to have your desire.

Enter Franciscus.

(trick,

Fran: Down, down, down a-down a-down, and then with a horse-To kick *Larion's* forehead, and break her bowstring.

Lol. This is to'ther counterfeit, I'l put him out of his humor, Sweet Lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a mad-man, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithfull lover of your beauty. This is pretty well for a mad-man.

Fran: Ha! what's that ?

Lol: Chide those perfections in you which made me imperfect.

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you, e're I have done with you. Yours all, or one beside himself, *Franciscus.* This mad-man will mend sure.

Fran: What ? Do you read sirrah ?

Lol: Your destiny sir, you'l be hang'd for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsell with thy mistress ?

Lol. Next her Apron strings.

Fran: Give me thy hand.

Lol: tay, let me put yours in my pocket first : your hand is true, is it not ? It will not pick, I partly fear it, because I think it does lye.

Fran. Not in a fillable.

Lol. So, if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cur'd of your madness.

Fran: And none but she can cure it.

Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past.

Lol.

The Changeling.

Lol. I shal deserve more, sir, I hope, my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

Fran. Shew me the man.

Lol. I that's a right course now, see him before you kill him in any case, and yet it needs not go so far neither; 'tis but a fool that haunts the house, and my mistress in the shape of an ideot, bang but his fools coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

Fran. Soundly, soundly.

Lol. Onely reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him not now in the dance your self, I'll shew you.
In — in my master.

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey!

Enter Alibius.

Alib. Well said, in a readines Lollio.

Lol. Yes, sir.

Alib. Away then, and guide them in Lollio,
Intreat your Mistress to see this sight.
Hark is there not one incurable fool
That might be beg'd? I have friends.

Loll. I have him for you, one that shall deserve it too.

Alib. Good boy Lollio. *The Madmen and Fools dance.*
'Tis perfect well fit, but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Beatrice: A Clock strikes one.

Bea: **O**Ne struck, and yet she lies by't — Oh my fears,
This Trumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours.

The Changeling.

Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honor or my peace,
Makes havock of my right ; but she payes dearly for't,
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood, to keep her promise.
Beside, I have some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my Lord,
And it must come from her—— Hark by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two. *Strikes two.*

Enter Desfores.

Def. Pist, where are you ?

Bea. *Desfores !*

Def. I—— Is she not come from him yet ?

Bea. As I am a living soul not.

Def. Sure the Devill

Hath sow'd his itch within her ; who'd trust a waiting-woman ?

Bea. I must trust some body.

Def. Push, they are *Tarmagants.*

Especially when they fall upon their Masters
And have their Ladies first fruits, th'are mad whelps,
You cannot stave 'em off from game Royall, then
You are so harsh and hardy ask no counsell
And I could have helpt you to a Apothecaries daughter
Would have saln off before eleven, and thank you too.

Bea. O me, not yet, this whore forgets her self

Def. The Rascal fares so well, look y'are undone,
The Day-star by this hand, see *Bosphorus* plain yonder.

Bea. Advise me now to fall upon some ruine,
There is no counsell safe else,

Def. Peace, I ha't now,
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.

Bea. How ? take heed of that.

Def. Tush, be you quiet, or else give over all.

Bea. Prithee I ha' done then.

Def. This is my reach, I'e set some part a-fire of *Diaphanta's* cham- (ber.

Bea. How ? fire fir, that may endanger the whole house.

Def. You talk of danger when your fame's on fire.

Bea. That's true, do what thou wilt now.

Def. Push, I aim at a most rich success, strikes all dead sure,

H

The

The Changeling.

The chimney being a fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If *Diaphanta* should be met by chance then,
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then,
Drove her to seek for succour, if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging,
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney : there'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

Bea. I'm forc'd to love thee now,
Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honor.

Def. 'Slid it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.

Bea. One word now prithee, how for the servants?

Def. I'll dispatch them some one way, some another in the hurry,
For Buckets, Hooks, Ladders; fear not you;
The deed shall find it's time, and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.
How this fire purifies wit ! Watch you your minute.

Bea. Fear keeps my soul upon t, I cannot stray from t.

Enter Alonzos Ghost:

Def. Ha ! What art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that starr and me ? I dread thee not,
'Twas but a mist of conscience — All's clear agen.

Exit.

Bea: Who's that, *Desflores* ? Bless me ! it slides by,
Some ill thing haunts the house, t'has left behind it,
A shivering sweat upon me ; I'm afraid now
This night hath been so tedious ; Oh this strumpet !
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroyd the last — List oh my terrors,
Three struck by *St Sebastians*.

Struck 3 a clock

Within: Fire, fire, fire.

Bea: Already ! How rare is that mans speed !
How heartily he serves me ! his face loathes one,
But look upon his care, who would not love him ?
The East is not more beauteous then his service.

Within: Fire, fire, fire.

Enter Desflores servants: passe over, ring a Bell.

Def.

The Changeling.

Def: Away, dispatch, hooks, buckets, ladders; that's well said,
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready,

Exit:

Enter Diaphanta.

Bea: Here's a man worth loving — oh y'are a jewel.

Dia: Pardon frailty, Madam,
In troth I was so well, I ev'n forgot my self.

Bea: Y'have made trim work.

Dia: What?

Bea: Hie quickly to your chamber, your reward follows you.

Dia: I never made so sweet a bargain. *Exit*

Enter Alfemero.

Alf: Oh my dear *Joanna*,
Alas, 'art thou risen too, I was coming,
My absolute treasure.

Bea: When I mist you, I could not chuse but follow.

Alf: Th'art all sweetness, the fire is not so dangerous.

Bea: Think you so sir?

Alf: I prithee tremble not: Believe me 'tis not.

Enter Vermandero, Jasperino.

Ver: Oh blest my house and me.

Alf: My Lord your father.

Enter Desflores with a Piece.

Ver: Knave, whither goes that piece?

Def: To scour the chimney,

Exit.

Ver: Oh well said, well said, **1**

That fellow's good on all occasions.

Bea: A wondrous necessary man, my Lord.

Ver: He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all, sir,
Dog at a house of fire, I ha' seen him findg'd ere now:
Ha, there he goes.

The piece goes off.

Bea: 'Tis done.

Alf: Come sweet to bed now; alas, thou wilt get cold.

Bea: Alas, the fear keeps that out;
My heart will find no quiet till I heare
How *Diaphanta* my poor woman fares;
It is her chamber sir, her lodging chamber.

Ver: How should the fire come there?

Bea: As good a soul as ever Lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy.

The Changeling.

She scap't a Mine twice.

Ver. Twice?

Bea. Strangely twice, sir.

Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne're so good.

Enter Deflores.

Def. Oh poor virginity! thou hast paid dearly for't.

Ver. Bless us! What's that?

Def. A thing you all knew once, *Diaphanta's* burnt.

Bea. My woman, oh my woman!

Def. Now the flames are
Greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death sir.

Bea. Oh my presaging soul!

Alf. Not a tear more, I charge you by the last embrace
I gave you in bed before this rais'd us.

Bea. Now you tie me,
Were it my sister now she gets no more.

Ver. How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. All danger's past, you may now take your rests, my Lords,
The fire is throughly quencht; ah poore Gentlewoman,
How soon was she stifled!

Bea. *Deflores*, what is left of her interre,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will intreat that honour to my servant,
Ev'n of my Lord himself.

Alf. Command it sweetness.

Bea. Which of you spied the fire first?

Def. 'Twas I, Madam.

Bea. And took such pains in't too? a double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.

Ver. He shall be, *Deflores*, call upon me.

Alf. And upon me, sir.

Exeunt.

Def. Rewarded? pretious, here's a trick beyond me;
I see in all bouts both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit.

Exit.

Enter Thomazo:

Tho. I cannot taste the benefits of life:
With the same relish I was wont to do.

Man.

The Changeling.

Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship, and because
I am ignorant in whom my wrath should settle;
I must think all men villains; and the next
I meet, who ere he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother — Ha! What's he?

Enter Desfores, passes over the Stage.

Oh the fellow that some call honest *Desfores*;
But me thinks honesty was hard bested
To come there for a lodging, as if a Queen
Should make her Palace of a Pest-house,
I find a contrariety in nature.
Betwixt that face and me, the least occasion
Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch with a sword he loved,
And made account of, so most deadly venomous,
He would go ne're to poyson any weapon
That should draw blood on him, one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight.
In way of honest manhood, that strikes him;
Some river must devour't, 'twere not fit
That any man should find it. — What agen?

Enter Desfores.

He walks a purpose by, sure to choke me up;
To infect my blood.

Des. My worthy noble Lord.

Tho. Dost offer to come neer and breath upon me?

Des. A blow.

Tho. Yea, are you so prepar'd?

I'll rather like a souldier die by th'sword
Then like a Polititian by thy poyson.

Des. Hold, my Lord, as you are honorable.

Tho. All slaves that kill by poyson, are still cowards.

Des. I cannot strike, I see his brothers wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a Cryshall,
I will not question this, I know y'are noble.
I take my injury with thanks given, Sir.
Like a wise Lawyer; and as a favour,
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.

Why

The Changeling.

Why this from him, that yesterday appeard,
So strangely loving to me ?

Oh but instinct is of a subtler strain,

Guilt must not walk so neer his lodge agen,

He came ne're me now.

Exit.

Tho. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,

Till I find this murderer ; Not so much

As common curtesie, but I'll lock up :

For in the state of ignorance I live in,

A brother may salute his brothers murderer.

And wish good speed to'th villain in a greeting.

Enter Verman: Ali: and Isabella:

Ver: Noble *Piracquo*.

Tho: Pray keep on your way, sir,

I've nothing to say to you.

Ver: Comforts bless you sir.

Tho: I have forsworn complement, in troth I have, sir ;

As you are meerly man, I have not left

A good wish for you, nor any here.

Ver: Unless you be so far in love with grief,

You will not part from't upon any tears,

We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tho: What newes can that be ?

Ver: Throw no scornfull smile

Upon the zeal I bring you, tis worth more sir,

Two of the chiefeest men I kept about me,

I hide not from the law, or your just vengeance.

Tho: Ha !

Ver: To give your peace more ample satisfaction,

Thank these discoverers.

Tho: If you bring that calm,

Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in

For that contemptuous smile upon you

I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs

Unto a sacred altar.

Ver: Good sir rise,

Why now you over-doe as much a'this hand,

As you fell short a'tother. Speak *Alibini*;

Ali: 'Twas my wives fortune, as she is most lucky

At

The Changeling.

At a discovery to find out lately
Within our Hospital of Fools and mad-men,
Two counterfeits flipt into these disguises;
Their names *Franciscus* and *Antonio*.

Ver: Both mine fir, and I ask no favour for 'em.

Alib: Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

Tho: O blest revelation!

Ver: Nay more, nay more fir, Ile not spare mine own
In way of justice; They both faign'd a journey
To *Bramata*, and so wrought out their leaves,
My love was so abus'd in't.

Tho: Time's too pretious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase,
Be my most happy conduct, I thirst for 'em,
Like subtil lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Alfemero and Jasperino

Jas: Your confidence I'me sure, is now of proof.
The prospect from the Garden has shew'd
Enough for deep suspicion.

Alf: The black masque
That so continually was worn upon't,
Condemnes the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.

Jas: Touch it home then, 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly, I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption, 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk
She took the back door at his parting with her. *Ex Jas.*

Alf: Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? — she's here.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea: *Alfemero!*

Alf: How do you?

Bea: How do I? Alas! how do you? you look not wel.

Alf: You read me well enough, I am not well.

Bea: Not well fir? Is't in my power to better you?

Alf

The Changeling.

Alf. Yes:

Bea. Nay, then y'are cur'd again.

Alf. Pray resolve me one question, Lady.

Bea. If I can.

Alf. None can so sure. Are you honest?

Bea. Ha, ha, ha, that's a broad question, my Lord,

Alf. But that's not a modest answer, my Lady:
Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me.

Bea. 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek.

Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?

Alf. 'Twere but hypocrisie of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff, neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief,
You are a Whore.

Bea. What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly: oh you have ruin'd
What you can ne're repair agen.

Alf. I'll all demolish and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left, let your sweet tongue,
Prevent your hearts rising; there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.

Bea. You may sir, 'tis an easie passage, yet if you please.
Shew me the ground whereon you lost your love.
My spotlesse vertue may but tread on that
Before I perish.

Alf. Unanswerable,
A ground you cannot stand on, you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness, when you set
Your ticklish heel on't; there was a vizor
O're that cunning face, and that became you,
Now Impudence in triumph rides upon't;
How comes this tender reconciliation else
'Twixt you and your despight, your rankerous loathing
Deflores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arms supporter, your lips Saint.

Bea.

The Changeling.

Bea. Is there the cause?

Alf. Worse, your lusts Devill, your adultery.

Bea. Would any but your self say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain.

Alf. 'Twas witness by the counsell of your bosome *Diaphanta*.

Bea. Is your witness dead then?

Alf. 'Tis to be fear'd,

It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soule,
She liv'd not long after the discovery.

Bea. Then hear a story of not much less horror,
Then this your false suspicion is beguild with,
To your beds scandal, I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed,
Will stand for proof of, your love has made me!
A cruell murtheress.

Alf. Ha:

Bea. A bloody one.

I have kist poyson for't, stroakt a serpent,
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem,
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so imployd; I caus'd to murder
That innocent *Piracquo*, having no
Better means then that worst, to assure
Your self to me.

Alf. Oh the place it self ere since
Has crying been for vengeance, the Temple
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion, and quencht the right one,
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now,
Oh thou art all deform'd.

Bea. Forget not sir,
It (for your sake) was done, shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Alf. Oh thou shouldst have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood, here we are lost.

Bea. Remember I am true unto your bed.

Alf. The bed it selfe's a Charnell, the sheets shrowds
For murdered Karkasses, it must ask pause
What I must do in this, mean time you shall

The Changeling.

Be my prisoner onely, enter my Closet.

Exit Beatrice.

He be your Keeper yet ; Oh in what part

Of this sad story shall I first begin ? — Ha

This same fellow has put me in — *Desflores.*

Enter Desflores.

Des. Noble *Alsemero* !

Alf. I can tell you newes sir, my wife has her commended to you

Des. That's news indeed my Lord, I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever lov'd me so well, I thank her.

Alf. What's this blood upon your band *Desflores* ?

Des. Blood ? No sure, 'twas washt since.

Alf. Since when man ?

Des. Since to'ther day I got a knock
In a Sword and Dagger School ; I think 'tis out.

Alf. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd tho.
I had forgot my message ; this it is,
What price goes murder ?

Des. How sir ?

Alf. I ask you sir,
My wife's behind hand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon *Piracquo*.

Des. Upon ? 'Twas quite through him sure,
Has she confest it ?

Alf. As sure as death to both of you,
And much more then that.

Des. It could not be much more,
'Twas but one thing, and that she's a Whore.

Alf. I could not chuse but follow, oh cunning Divels !
How should blind men know you from fair fac'd saints ?

Bea. within. He lies, the villain does be-lye me.

Des. Let me go to her, sir.

Alf. Nay, you shal to her.

Peace crying Crocodile, your sounds are heard,
Take your prey to you, get you into her sir. *Exit Des.*

I'll be your pandor now, rehearse agen

Your Scene of lust, that you may be perfect

When you shall come to act it to the black audience

Where howls and gnashings shall be musick to you.

The Changeling.

Clip your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *Mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fadoms bottomless.

*Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Thomaso,
Franciscus, and Antonio.*

Ver. Oh *Alfemero*. I have a wonder for you

Alf. No sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you

Ver. I have suspicion nere as proof it self
For *Piracquo's* murder.

Alf. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion, for *Piracquo's* musder.

Ver. Beseech you hear me, these two have been disguis'd
E're since the deed was done.

Alf. I have two other
That were more close disguis'd then your two could be,
E're since the deed was done.

Ver. You'll hear me, these mine own servants.

Alf. Hear me, those nearer then your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.

Fran. That may be done with easie truth, sir.

Tho. How is my cause bandied through your delaies !

'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for hast ;

Give me a brother alive or dead ;

Alive, a wife with him, if dead for both.

A recompence for murder and adultery.

Bea. within. Oh, oh, oh.

Alf. Hearn, 'tis comming to you.

Def. within. Nay, I'll along for company.

Bea. within. Oh, oh.

Ver. What horrid sounds are these ?

Alf. Come forth you twins of mischief.

Enter Desflores bringing in Beatrice.

Def. Here we are, if you have any more

To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not,

Give you the hearing else, I am so stout yet,

And so I think that broken rib of mankind.

Ver. An Host of enemies entred my Citadell,
Could not amaze like this, *Joanna, Beatrice, Joanna.*

Bea. O come not neer me sir, I shall defile you,

The Changeling.

I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health, look no more upon't;
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common shewer take it, from distinction,
Beneath the starres, upon yon Meteor
Ever hang my fate, mongst things corruptible,
I ne're could pluck it from him, my loathing
Was Prophet to the rest, but ne're believ'd
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was coz'ned on the nuptiall night,
For which your false-bride died.

Alf: *Diaphanta*!

Def. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barly-break; now we are left in hell.

Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes here.

Def. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart,
Her love I earn'd out of *Piracquo's* murder.

Tho. Ha, my brothers murderer.

Def. Yes, and her honors prize
Was my reward, I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.

Ver. Horrid Villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.

Def. No, I can prevent you, here's my penknife still,
It is but one thread more, ~~and~~ and now 'tis cut:
Make haste *Joanna* by that token to thee.
Canst not forget so lately put in mind,
I would not goe to leave thee far behind.

Bea. Forgive me *Alsemero*, all forgive,
'Tis time to die, when 'tis a shame to live.

Ver. Oh my name is entred now in that record,
Where till this fatall hour it was never read.

Alf. Let it be blotted out, let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life,
To your dishonor, justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit.

The Changeling.

By proclamation, and may joy agen.
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

Tho. Sir, I am satisfi'd, my injuries
Lie dead before me, I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could ore-take
Those black fugitives, that are fled from thence
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper then mine (tis to be fear'd) about 'em.

Alf. What an opacous body had that moon:
That last chang'd on us? here's beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom: here servant obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder.
I a suppos'd husband chang'd embraces
With wantonneſs, but that was paid before;
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship. Are there any more on's?

Ant. Yes sir, I was chang'd too, from a little Asse as I was, to a great
Fool as I am; and had like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows, but
that you know my Innocence always excuses me.

Fran. I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose.

Isa. Your change is still behind, but deserve best your transforma-
You are a jealous Coxcomb, keep Schools of Folly,
And teach your Scholars how to break your own head.

Alib. I see all apparent wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and never keep Scholars
That shall be wiser then my self.

Alf. Sir, you have yet a sons duty living,
Please you accept it, let that your sorrow
As it goes from your eye, goe from your heart,
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

Epilogue



EPILOGUE.

ALL **A**LL we can doe, to Comfort one another,
To stay a Brothers sorrow, for a Brother;
To Dry a Child, from the kinde Fathers eyes
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The Dead agen, or in their Rooms to give
Brother a new Brother, Father a Child;
If these appear, All griefs are reconcil'd.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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